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Madison's portrait is copied from that by Chester Harding. Then follows Healy himself, with his originals or replicas of John Quincy Adams, 1858; Jackson, 1845; Van Buren, 1857; Tyler, Polk, 1846; Fillmore, 1857; Pierce, 1852; Buchanan, 1859; Lincoln, 1860; and Mr. George Peabody.

The General Taylor was copied by Healy, in 1860, from an original by Amans. It is in military dress, and is considered the best likeness painted of "Old Rough and Ready." Another portrait of Taylor is by John Vanderlyn, painted in 1852 from life. The Jackson was painted at the Hermitage, a few days before his death, when he could with difficulty sit up for the work. Perhaps one of the finest original portraits in the collection is that of Van Buren. The Buchanan was painted in the month of September, 1859. The Lincoln was painted for Mr. Bryan in 1860, just after his election. This portrait differs from all others in being beardless and whiskerless, the massive boniness of his lean jaws being in full uncouth relief.

The portraits of the Presidents were painted by Mr. Healy as studies, to fill an order from Louis Philippe of France, for the Gallery of Versailles. A singular contrast is presented as the eye passes from the contemplation of the grave dignity, ruddy complexion, and powdered hair of the men of the Revolution down the line of their stiffly dressed successors, varied by the wan face of the moribund Jackson; the round, self-complacent aspect of Van Buren; the hatchet face of Tyler; the brushed-back, parson-like, air of Polk; the massive, benign front of Fillmore; the rude, honest features of Taylor; the big, beardless, uncertain face of Buchanan; ending with the plain, rugged features of "stalwart" rail-splitter, Lincoln.

E. F. Andrews has supplied the portraits of Andrew Johnson and of Rutherford B. Hayes, and copied J. H. Beard's portrait of President William H. Harrison, painted in 1840. Henry Ulke's portrait of General Grant is fair, as is W. T. Mathew's James A. Garfield. Chester A. Arthur was limned again by Healy, while S. Jerome Uhl supplied Grover Cleveland's counterfeits.

There are also in this gallery of national notabilities the historic portraits known as the "Treaty" portraits, being of Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, who in 1842 signed, at Washington, the treaty that set at rest the dispute about our northeastern boundary, and other questions at issue between the United States and Great Britain. One year after the treaty was signed, Mr. Healy painted two portraits of Lord Ashburton, in England, one of which he brought over to Marshfield for Mr. Webster, and in 1848 he painted two portraits of Mr. Webster, one of which was sent over to Lord Ashburton. When Marshfield was burned in 1877, these two portraits were, fortunately, among the few things saved.

The portraits are of three-quarters height. Mr. Webster is seated in his crimson-velvet easy-chair in his library. His grand head is turned away, and the countenance is in repose; but the large, lustrous eyes glow with their peculiar solemn light beneath the thick eyebrows of ebony hue, surmounted by a brow—a "dome of thought"—indeed, with its back crown of raven hair. The eyes of this portrait are the greatest triumph of the painter, for he has well interpreted their character as happily described by Miss Martineau, "those great, cavernous eyes!" There is the firm, compressed mouth, ever mild in its expression, but breaking into such sweetness when he smiled. The coat is brown; the cravat white, with its ends tucked back, and the vest of black silk. Perhaps the memorable blue coat, with metal buttons, buff vest, and black stock, of his senatorial days, would have been more characteristic, as also a quiet bit of pastoral scenery beyond the window would have been more consonant with Webster's agricultural taste than the stormy sunset horizon behind a crimson curtain—a decided imitation of Stuart's background. So appears our great statesman, an American of the grandest type in general physique and complexion.

No greater contrast can be conceived than the portrait of Lord Ashburton. He, too, is seated in the library of his English home; attired in a brown dressing-robe, lined with olive velvet, a waistcoat of brown fur. With one hand—a model of fine drawing and delicate color—daintily resting on state papers, he turns placid eyes towards the spectator. There is a thorough English style and clear complexion over his mild face and half-bald head, well set above the high-starched, white cravat of the period. The stamp of courtly dignity, and of the cultured statesman and gentleman, with the agreeable, harmonious color and arrangement, makes this portrait very attractive. Indeed, considered artistically, it is thought the finer work of the two; but, turning from it, we are more struck with the sublime aspect of Webster. Grandeur and force, elegance and grace, here meet in vivid contrast.

Of great interest is also a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, painted at Paris in 1782 by Joseph Siffrein Duplessis, and was presented by our famous diplomat to "Mr. Wm. Hodson, of Colman Street, as a token of his regard and friendship." A. B.

EARLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

IT is written, "Of the making of many books there is no end," and if in this betridden age one were tempted to doubt the truth of this utterance let him investigate, historically, American magazines. If I had been asked a year or two ago to name them chronologically, I should have answered with the courage born of ignorance, "Give me five minutes to consult my notes and I will give you a complete list." I still possess the courage, but I have gained some knowledge, emanating, no doubt, from the same source, and it is a game such as I have seen two children play of "now you have them and now you don't have them," with the chances all in favor of "you don't have them," for on every old bookstall a new one bobs up serenely, to confound one's chronology, until one is almost forced to believe that whenever a litterateur, artist, or publisher had experienced religion and been impressed with the injunction "not to lay up treasures for himself on earth," or had grown tired of the world and desirous of wrecking at one fell stroke his peace and his fortune, he has embarked in a magazine enterprise.

Benjamin Franklin's *Universal Magazine*, Philadelphia, 1741, was the first of these ventures; one month later Bradford, Franklin's rival, issued in the same town *The American*. Neither was successful. Two numbers of the *American* were issued, and the *Universal* expired at the end of six months. I think we ought to forgive Franklin his non-success as a magazine publisher, although his pernicious influence in this respect has been so extensively followed. It is not my purpose to attempt a bibliography of American magazines, my subject fortunately having to do only with such as were illustrated. *The Universal Magazine* had a cut on its title-page, the Prince of Wales feathers, with the motto "Ich dien," characteristic of its publisher. It is a handsome bit of engraving, and I believe the work of Franklin's own hand.

Two magazines had now been published in Philadelphia and it was time for Boston to have a try. Ten years after Franklin's failure, Rogers and Fowle, Printers, issued their *Boston Weekly Magazine*. This lasted four weeks. These printers, learning wisdom, secured a publisher, went at it again, and issued in the same year *The American Magazine*, the second of its name. This has some claim to be called illustrated, for it has as a heading a large copper-plate view of Boston, in imitation of the *London Magazine*, which had on its title-page a picture of London. This cut seems to antedate the engraver Hurd, to whom it has been commonly attributed, as he would have been but thirteen when it was executed. This magazine lasted three years and four months and died.

Passing the *New England Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*, 1758, and the *New American Magazine* of Judge Nevill, the next illustrated venture was again in Philadelphia, and another (fatal name) *American Magazine* by Lewis Nicola, saw the light. This had some interesting copper-plates, lasted one year and died. Boston's turn comes again, this time with *The Royal American*, 1774, Isaiah Thomas. This had two engravings in each number. At the end of nine months the War of Independence put an end not only to this, but to all other Royal American things.

Philadelphia again takes a turn, this time with a *Pennsylvania Magazine*, 1775. Its first issue contains a good copper-plate portrait, in stipple, of Oliver Goldsmith, by Poupard. I pass the period of the War of Independence and come in 1786 to the *Columbian Magazine*. It has some fair copper-plates. I cannot speak in detail of *The Massachusetts Magazine*, 1789, which lived five years, nor the *Farmer's Museum*, published in 1793, but dwell somewhat in detail upon *The Portfolio*, projected by the brilliant and unfortunate Joseph Dennie, the former editor of *The Museum*. It appeared in Philadelphia, 1800. For nine years it was unillustrated, at the end of which time it was embellished, according to the prospectus, with elegant engravings. Its price was to be six dollars per annum, not to be paid in advance. I consider this the first magazine which could really lay claim to the title illustrated. It contained the best engraving and the best drawing which the country, at that time, afforded, and no means were left untried to render it a success. Such it was artistically, but not financially, for after a few years its editor complains that his subscribers owe him ten thousand dollars, and he says: "Literary men have no access to banks, no matter how successfully they may develop the strength of the country, protect its manners, refine its tastes, or illustrate its glories. If Burke himself were to petition for a loan to publish an American Register he would not find so much favor with the board as a trader to San Domingo—or a South African Pirate." I don't wonder that the "Lay Preacher," alias "Oliver Oldschool," alias Joseph Dennie, lay down and died, worn out with the care of his brilliant embellishments and such financing. This magazine endured twenty-seven years and died. *The Polyanthus*, Boston, was contemporary with *The Portfolio*.

It was illustrated also; it succumbed seven years earlier than its more fortunate rival and died aged twenty years.

I should weary if I were to write of all the attempts made during the last fifty years to establish illustrated magazines. It sounds a good deal like an Old Testament genealogy. The debris of their wrecks lies strewn on the second-hand bookstalls—and as space will not permit me to describe the illustrated newspapers, nor name them in their order, I must here claim some latitude. The *New York Mirror*, 1830, had some very excellent work by the steel engravers, not the least of which in quality was the beautiful vignette which adorns its frontispiece, and which I believe to have been the first steel engraving to appear in any American book. It also published some good sketchy wood-cut portraits by Mason, and in 1837 the finest wood-engraving made in the country up to that time and for many years afterward. It was drawn by J. G. Chapman, and engraved by Adams. I pass the *American Magazine*, 1833 (the unfortunate title again), Boston, and some others, and in passing mention *Graham's*, Putnam, and its beautiful portraits by Hall, and Appleton's *Art Journal*. *Harper's Magazine* was first published in 1850, with some excellent illustrations.

Sutton's *Aldine* was a new departure, raised in character from an advertising sheet to an Art Journal in 1867. The engravers Bogart, J. P. Lewis, T. Cole, Annin, Morse, and many excellent artists, some of them painters of reputation, did much to raise wood-engraving in the public esteem. In 1871 Roswell Smith, Dr. Holland, and Charles Scribner published the first number of *Scribner's Monthly*, which is now the *Century*.
W. LEWIS FRASER.

SOME COSTLY FANS.

THERE are comparatively few fan collections owned in this country. With European collectors of antiques, these painted relics of the luxurious tastes that prevailed under the monarchy in France have long been favored subjects, but in America the fad is of comparatively recent date, and the few collections that are owned are small, although some of the best specimens in existence are owned by American collectors.

The finest collection of fans in Europe belongs to the Baroness James de Rothschild. The next most famous are those of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who has over 800 fans of all periods and styles; and the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is constantly adding to her treasures. Other noted collections are those of the Princess de Sagan, the Duchesse de Noailles, and the Duc d'Aumale.

Mrs. Duesch Webb, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Pinchot, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, and Dr. J. D. Emmet can display resplendent Vernis Martin fans; fans with carved pearl sticks, inlaid with gold; fans with ivory sticks, inlaid with cameos and emeralds; fans with tortoise-shell sticks damascened with silver; mourning fans, wedding fans, war fans, and fans which belonged to illustrious queens.

In this country Mrs. Peter Marie possesses the most valuable lot of these fluttering trifles; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's collection ranks second. She has some painted by Leloir and Vibert.

One of the costliest fans in the world is Mrs. Howard Gould's, one of her engagement presents from her husband. Its price is said to be \$100,000. Its sticks are of perfectly matched ivory, and the mount is studded with turquoise and diamonds. When folded it is not as long as your hand, and only half as broad as your palm.

The handsomest feather fan on record is that owned by the Countess of Lonsdale; it consists of five wide, white feathers, the largest twenty inches; the amber handle has her ladyship's monogram in diamonds. The bauble cost \$1,500. Of all her beautiful fans, the Empress Augusta Victoria values most the one made of the feathers of a bird shot by her royal husband.

An ivory-stick fan riveted with diamonds, with a Maltese lace mount and much gold thread, is one of Queen Victoria's fans. It won the prize at a fan exhibition given in London, and at the close of the show it was presented to Her Majesty. It was made by a society with a formidable name—The Worshipful Company of Fan-makers.

Mrs. McKinley has a costly fan which formerly belonged to the wife of a Spanish hidalgo; it was given to her by an American citizen, who two years ago spent some time in a Cuban prison. He selected the wife of the President of the United States to whom to make the valuable gift, because of the debt of gratitude he felt he owed for the efforts made for his release from prison.

A court lady of Munich has a collection of fans painted with scenes from all of Wagner's operas, and one on which are the signatures of all the diplomats who attended some famous congress held at Berlin. Countess Oriola has the most valuable autograph fan in the world; it has the autographs of all the royal family and the Berlin court, including those of Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke. A fan was

pointed to commemorate the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, and is of great historic interest. It belongs to Miss Furniss of New York.

Mme. Pompadour had a wonderful fan. The lace mount cost \$30,400, and it took several years to make the five sections, each one containing a medallion in miniature, which are so minute as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. It is now in existence, broken and apart, but still shows traces of its great beauty. In Mrs. Langtry's fan room, designed for her by Oscar Wilde, the greater number of fans are Dutch. The finest one of Christine Nilsson's collection of fans was given to her by the Thakora Sahib of Morri, and is made of gold, gems, and feathers. Another one is covered with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds. One presented to her by the city of Venice is of silver filigree and point lace. One of the choice bits of this collection, which is valued at \$50,000, is said to be the fan which Marie Antoinette had with her in prison, and which she carried to the scaffold.
X.

THE following from the *Boston Transcript* should be considered by the members of our Art Commission, who might well take the initiative, so that our own Augean stables of dolorous monuments might be swept out:

MR. BROOKS'S STATUE OF COLONEL CASS.

All's well that ends well; and the little granite statue of Colonel Thomas Cass retires from the Public Garden with a certain degree of respect following it, since its genesis, vicissitudes, and undue notoriety have not only made a new and noble Cass monument possible, but have resulted in an innovation which may be of far-reaching importance in regard to the policy of the city with reference to its public monuments. For the first time an unsatisfactory monument is taken away, and is replaced by a satisfactory one. Every one concerned is pleased, and the public is well satisfied. There have been other instances of the removal of monuments, but, except in this case, the rejected memorials have not been replaced by better substitutes. It is a valuable feature of the precedent now established that the principle of substitution, giving a *quid pro quo*, becomes fundamental. The new policy is to be positive, not negative, and for every ounce of bronze and stone taken away from the public it will give back a pound of art. Let the good work go on. There are several rival candidates among the monuments of Boston for the next honorable discharge.

It was a proud moment for the sculptor when the new Cass statue was lowered into its place on the pedestal, Thursday afternoon. Those who stood in the Public Garden saw a figure which, to every eye, unsophisticated or otherwise, made instant appeal as a genuine and manly work. The artist has had the fine instinct to adopt the pose of Mr. Kelly's original statue—the folded arms, the erect carriage, the waiting and calm gaze of the soldier, who knows how to obey as well as to command—and we realize that, with all its defects, the Cass that was was admirably conceived. But here we have a heroic figure in every sense of the term; military to its fingertips, full of cool courage, buoyant, and balanced. The type is Celtic, and quite of the stormy period of 1862. That was a type which had a conspicuous and honorable place in McClellan's army, and which, in the bloody seven days' fighting from Gaines's Mills down to Malvern Hill, more than once distinguished itself and confirmed the good reputation of the Irish as soldiers. It is more than that; it is a type of the regimental commander of the old Army of the Potomac. It recalls to mind many a beloved colonel of that unsurpassed army. Cass's old comrades can not in candor commend the likeness as literally truthful; but the figure has this greater merit than likeness, the merit of being a historic type, animated by the spirit of all the Casses who ever served in the grand old army, so that one hundred, two hundred, three hundred years hence, it will be said: Such were the heroes of the Army of the Potomac, who fell in the Peninsula Campaign of 1862.

There is little to add to the emphatic verdict pronounced by Mr. Brooks's first teacher, Truman H. Bartlett, respecting the technical superiority of the work, which was so promptly recognized by the French jury of artists. It is admirable for its honesty of design and of workmanship; and, as Mr. Bartlett well said, it is particularly admirable for its human quality. The groups of men standing near the monument on Thursday afternoon recognized this quality with astonishing promptitude. The writer overheard several groups commenting on the statue. The remarks were for the most part singularly sensible, acute, and apt. The realism of the figure, its naturalness, its dignity, struck every observer at once. Eyes lighted up at sight of it. There was no disposition to be flippant, jocosely, or sarcastic at the expense of the statue. Two men in uniforms of conductors of the